

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

AGRICULTURAL.

HINTS FOR STAKING HAY.—The *Pacific Rural Press* says: Make your stacks long and narrow. It will cure better and there is less danger of its becoming rusty; besides it will be easier baling. The press can be moved easier than you can pitch from the rear of a wide stack. In building the stack, unload alternately on different sections of the stack; this will allow the air to circulate through each load before it is settled down by another placed upon it. About three gallons of salt thrown into a load of hay will preserve its sweetness. Three quarts are recommended by a hay farmer.

BEANS FOR STOCK FEED.—A Canadian farmer says, although white beans are of no value for fattening stock, yet they are the best things that can be fed to young animals, as they contain the necessary materials for making bones and muscle. For a young colt one pint of beans and oats crushed together will be found much better than oats alone. A neighbor of mine a few years ago fed his horse with a regular allowance of beans and peas crushed, during the winter, and, as a consequence, the next spring never lost a lamb. They were so strong that they were on their feet and tried to suck as soon as they were dropped.

WHAT IS A BLOODED HORSE?—He is a horse having more than an ordinary amount of drops or pounds of blood in his system in proportion to his size and weight. This large amount of blood acts upon his system through a large heart, and correspondingly large arteries and veins; and, put in motion, it acts in driving him to speed, the same as an increased amount of fire under the boiler drives off a greater amount of steam, and makes the machinery go faster. This large amount of blood also acts in refining the skin, making it and the horse finer than in a horse of less blood; it refines and gives elasticity to the muscles, the feet, etc.; it refines the entire horse, making strong the valuable parts, and fitting the whole system for speed and endurance.

SWARMING BEES.—A bee-keeper gives the following plan to prevent a swarm of bees from getting away from the hive, with the statement that after ten years' experience he has never known it to fail but once: As soon as they show the first symptoms of swarming, stop up some of the outlets to the hive so as to force them to be a considerable time coming out. The swarm being made up in part of young bees, many of whom cannot fly well, and as nothing can be done by the swarm until all are out, and fly about in the air, by prolonging their exit, the feeble ones become tired, and finding their plans frustrated, they alight to arrange their journey. If they can leave the old hive all at once, they are very little about alighting.

TENDER-FOOTED HORSES.—An old man who had much experience in handling and dealing in horses for more than half a century, said to me recently that he had never known a horse to get tender-footed that was kept loose in a shed and yard, or in a boxed stall. That turning around and treading with their forward feet in the manure, keep them constantly moist and soft. His theory appeared perfectly reasonable to me. I have no box stalls, but I used shavings for bedding, and every morning with a large shovel, I moved the wet shavings under the horse's forward feet, and then the last thing at night covered these with dry shavings for him to lie on. He also remarked that he never knew a flat-footed horse but that was a good worker. —*Cor. Live-Stock Journal.*

TO DESTROY CURCULIOS.—I have seen various methods of keeping these insects off plum-trees, but none so simple nor yet so effectual as the following: Soak corn-cobs in sweetened water until thoroughly saturated; then suspend them to the limbs of the trees a little while after blooming, being sure to burn the cobs after the fruit ripens, as they will be found full of insects. A good plan is to change the cobs every few weeks. My theory is this: that the insects deposit their eggs in the cobs in preference to doing so in the young plums. The first season I tried it upon one or two trees only, and in the summer was rewarded by a good crop of as fine plums as ever ripened, while those on the other trees fell off when about half grown. Next spring found sweetened corn-cobs hanging from the limbs of all my plum trees, and the summer found them full of delicious fruit. —*(Corres. German-town Telegraph.)*

TRAP FOR CUT-WORMS.—The *American Agriculturist* gives the following: An old shovel handle is split for about a foot with a fine saw. The split portion is soaked in boiling water to soften it, and the ends are inserted into holes made in a hoop or ring of wood two inches wide, one inch thick, and eight inches in diameter. In the bottom of the ring there are inserted a number of pieces of an old broom-handle projecting two inches and placed not more than a quarter of an inch apart. When this is pressed into the earth around a hill of corn or cabbage plant, it leaves a circle of smooth round holes two inches deep with compact sides and bottoms. The cut-worms fall into these holes in their nightly rambles, and may be found and destroyed in the morning.

PORK RAISING.—A correspondent of the *German-town Telegraph* writes: My own theory of pork-raising based upon experience, observation, and probably a little philosophy of things, if written for the benefit of others, would be about as follows: During the hot summer months I would feed very little solid feed, such as corn in the ear or uncracked. I would keep hogs upon green feed constantly, either grass, oats or rye, and feed them at regular intervals, once or twice a day, upon mashed feed, either shorts, chopped oats or rye, buckwheat, etc., fed in troughs. When fed in this way and at the same time allowed access to water and shade, hogs will bear crowding through the hot months, a very good time, if not the best, to take on flesh. This puts them in the best of condition for corn feeding,

which should commence about the first of September, when the new crop is still soft and tender. Treated in this way hogs become probably as perfect as any method could make them. Upon the whole, I believe it the cheapest and most economical.

THE VALUE OF PUMPKINS.—Last year I raised twenty ox-cart loads of pumpkins with corn from an acre. The cart would hold forty bushels of potatoes. I considered them a valuable feed for stock, taking into consideration how cheaply they can be raised. I undertook to dry in my apple dry-house some for market, and was offered five cents per pound. I found that a green pumpkin weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds would make about one pound of well-dressed dry pumpkin, and that it would pay better to dry them for my hogs (as it could be done very cheaply) than it would to sell them. I soaked the dry pumpkin in milk, and fed the same to the hogs; they gained fast. I also dried quite an amount and barreled it to feed them with this summer. I fed my sheep upon the green ones two months, and it did very much toward fattening forty which I sold for mutton, and the forty which I wintered never did better. I commenced to feed my cattle in September, and fed some every day until February. It saved a vast amount of feed. I am planting but a small piece of corn, and wish to raise a large amount of pumpkins; so I plant them with my Early Rose potatoes; their tops die early, which will let in the sun and give the pumpkins a chance to grow. —*Cor. Maine Farmer.*

Household Hints.

A WISCONSIN man says that the flames of burning kerosene can be extinguished by throwing on flour. It seems reasonable that any absorbent material not readily combustible might be effective for such a purpose.

The best cement for china is Russian isinglass, dissolved in pure soft water by soaking twelve hours and boiling for some time at a high heat. The fractures must be free from dust or grease, and brushed with the isinglass while hot and thick, then tied to keep their place, and left twenty-four hours to dry.

A FLORICULTURAL correspondent of *Moore's Rural* cuts good thick paper into three-cornered pieces, bends them in the shape of a funnel, fills with dirt and, planting a seed in each, buries in a box of soil. "When the plants are ready to remove to the flower bed, lift the paper out and plant it like roots. The paper will soon rot, and the plants will never wilt."

To color butter, take one ounce of turmeric and half a pound of annatto, and put them in two pounds of melted butter, and keep very warm for six hours; then strain it through a fine cloth into a stone jar; add a little salt; cover and keep in a cool place. When used melt a small quantity of this mixture and add to the butter until the desired gold tinge is obtained.

RANCHED butter can be made as sweet as when first churned by the following process: To one quart of water, add fifty-five drops of the liquor of chloride of lime; then wash thoroughly in this mixture five pounds of ranched butter. It must remain in the mixture two hours. Then wash twice in pure water and once in sweet milk; add salt. This preparation of lime contains nothing injurious.

Wet the spots of iron-rust on muslin or white dress-goods thoroughly with lemon juice, then lay in the hot sun to dry. Repeat the same if the color is not removed by one application. When dry, rinse in clear cold water. Lemon juice cannot be used on colored goods, as it will take out printed colors as well as stains. It will remove all kinds of stains from white goods.

DUSTING articles of steel after they have been thoroughly cleaned with unsalted lime will preserve them from rust. The coils of piano-wires thus sprinkled will keep from rust many years. Table-knives which are not in constant use ought to be put in a case in which sifted quicklime is placed about eight inches deep. They should be plunged to the top of the blades, but the lime should not touch the handle.

To prepare slips for planting, it is recommended to dip the ends in collodion containing twice as much cotton as the ordinary material used in photography. Let the first coat dry, and then dip again. After planting the slip, the development will take place very promptly. This method is said to be particularly efficacious in woody slips, and is success well in sections of the geraniums, fuchsias and similar plants.

A PRETTY TABLE ORNAMENT.—A correspondent of the *Garden* says: "I was much struck lately with the wonderfully beautiful effect produced by simply placing a handful of heads of wheat in a vase of water. Each grain sent out bright green leaflets, and continued to replenish the fading ones for weeks together. Some have doubtless seen this pretty table ornament, but to me it is new, and perhaps would be so to many others."

To remove mildew make a very weak solution of chloride of lime in water—about a heaping teaspoonful to a quart of water—strain it carefully, and dip the spot or the garment into it, and if the mildew does not disappear immediately, lay it in the sun for a few minutes, or dip it again into the lime water. The work is effectually and speedily done, and the chloride of lime neither rots the cloth nor removes delicate colors, when sufficiently diluted, and the article rinsed afterward in clear water.

THE Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America has four Bishops, 15 annual conferences, 607 traveling preachers, 74,699 members, 535 Sunday schools, 1,102 teachers, 49,955 scholars, a monthly paper with 1,500 subscribers, and a book-store. It is endeavoring to establish a school for the education of its young ministers.

Cook jackets for boilers are said to reduce the amount of wasted power, and lower the temperature in the engine-room some twenty degrees. At the end of a year's use they appear to be as sound as ever.

The Millionaire Forger.

[From the Virginia City Enterprise.]

The recent action of the California Legislature in condoning the offenses of the millionaire forger and robber, Harry Meiggs, has led to an overhauling of the files of old journals in order to ascertain the exact nature of his crimes. The *Sacramento Daily State Journal*, of Oct. 11, 1854—a paper long since extinct—containing the following:

"The frauds committed by Harry Meiggs are supposed to amount to two and a half million dollars. Warrants on the treasury of San Francisco have been forged to the amount of one million. Stock of the California Lumber Company, of which he was President, to the amount of \$50,000, was also forged, and the signatures of different business houses to notes for over \$50,000 have been forged."

"He failed for \$800,000, and owed a number of bills, which made up in the aggregate \$2,500,000. In his operations he was very shrewd. He took all classes in his ravenous maw. From the highest to the lowest, the rich and the poor, the washerwoman, the banker, and the millionaire; he paid his respects to all. None were too small for his accommodating genius, none too great for his practice. From the bank he borrowed money by giving forged Comptroller's warrants on the city as collateral security to double the amount, and even offered to pledge them at 25 cents on the dollar. From the others he raised money on forged notes on business firms, and from clerks and mechanics he borrowed on his word or own note."

"His exodus was as remarkable as his 'operations.' He purchased his vessel, got her cleared by his faithful captain for 'ports in the Pacific,' ballasted her with the spoils of a city, equal in their extent to those of many nations in former days; gathered his family and friends around him, and went 'down to the sea' unmolested, laughing at his dupes. He left his family mansion as it was, with its carpets and paintings, and pencilings and tete-a-tetes, and golden fishes and birds of the brightest plumage; with its servants unpaid, perhaps, and its wives and its oils and its spices; on a family excursion to San Mateo, as he said; to far-off lands, as his creditors say. He went prepared for peace or war; with munitions of war in ample store. He went prepared to conquer or purchase a dukedom. And all this at the expense of San Francisco business men. The loss of these men is not regretted as much as the manner of losing it. But still he is a poor wanderer on the face of the earth, with the brand of Cain upon his brow. He can have no peace; his evil deeds will haunt him wherever he may go. He will be shunned by society. With all his ill-gotten wealth he will find the way of the transgressor hard."

And simply because this man has been successful in investing his \$2,500,000, which he robbed from others, the California Legislature, by one sweeping act, obliterates all the indictments pending against him. Such legislation is well calculated to bring the law into contempt, for no one will contend that, had Meiggs been unsuccessful in South America, there would have been any one in the Legislature of that State to have drafted an act similar to the one just passed.

The Vernacular in Edinburgh.

Speaking of the names of things, this morning, I asked a conductor (no person here could possibly understand what such a term means, so I will say guard) three times: "Will this car go through to Durham without change?" Each time he said: "Beg-paw-don" in such a way as to express, "Explain what you mean," when a young New Yorker said: "He means carriage." Then the intelligent guard said: "Oh, yes, if you go right through." In Dublin I asked a policeman if he could tell me whether I could find a drug store near by, and he said, "Oh, yes; plenty of 'em about—nothing so plentiful," and he directed me to a shop, which, having entered, I found to be a gin-shop. With the same success I asked a very respectable-looking old gentleman the question, and he pointed out a shop licensed to sell "spirits." When I told him that I wanted to get some soap, he said, "Perhaps you wish to find a medical hall?" So I did. After an early breakfast on Sunday morning last in Glasgow I wished to look around the city some time before morning service at the cathedral. Not a cab or vehicle of any kind was to be found, but near the hotel I discovered a horse-railroad track. Seeing no cars coming, I asked a gentleman passing whether the "horse-cars" ran on Sunday, and he said "Not much; that one could get one now and then if he wished; very much." Wishing one very much, I watched the road for about a quarter of an hour, and not a car came in sight. Then came by a policeman, whom I asked the same question, and he replied that "horse-cars" were rarely seen on the street, but if I had a necessity for one, I might get it, not on the street, but at the lively stable! "What do you mean?" said I; "do not cars run on this rail on Sunday?" "Oh! you mean the carriages on the tramway. Nay, nay, the cawns dinna run on the tramway on the Sabbath!" These benighted Scots thought I meant cabs, or something of the kind. —*Letter in St. Louis Democrat.*

Comets.

Kepler said comets were as plenty as fish in the ocean. Arago calculated that within the orbit of Neptune there were 17,500,000. Herschel reckoned the number of those visible by the help of the telescope at 25,000. Of the 200 recorded, and the 600 noted in ancient annals, only about forty have had their periods of revolution determined. Some comets are the largest objects in the solar system, surpassing even the sun in volume. The comet of 1811, which will return when the Capitol at Washington is as old as the Pyramids of Egypt, measured at the diameter of its luminous nucleus more than 400 miles, the diameter of its coma 112,000 miles, the length of its tail 112,000 miles. Yet the hugest of them all is perhaps outweighed many thousand fold by the tiniest asteroid.

CALL TO LABOR.

Men of Labor, spring to action,
The crisis comes upon you now;
Too long, already, have ye slumbered
Will ye still to robbers bow?

Values hover thick around you,
Intent your substance to devour;
And while you toil from morn till sunset,
They grasp you with a giant's power.

Wealth declares his toiling neighbor
Shall take the lower walks of life;
While he will reap the fruits of labor,
And riot run amidst the strife.

You till the soil, or swing the hammer
You live by grimy sweat of brow;
You build the palace and the railroad,
And shape the steamship's noble prow.

The product of your honest labor,
The wealth your hands and brains have made,
Are reaped by Shylock's railroad princes,
Or by the arts and tricks of trade.

Stir up this nest of deadly vipers,
Whose curves lie in their poisonous stings
Since those you fostered into being
Prove but corrupt and vicious rings.

Plundering rings and corporations
Steal our liberties to-day;
Men of toil, be men of action,
Rise in power and clear the way.

—*Industrial Age.*

The Grangers of California.

The potent Patrons of Husbandry, steadily disclaiming a lust for power, are taking concerted action to secure their rights and to advance their individual interests in the way which to them seemeth best. Their numbers having doubled in the last twelve months, and still increasing, they are moving in solid columns upon the citadels of the Grain Kings, to whom they are more terrible than an army with banners. The California column is about the most vital and active of all which are embraced in this vast host. It is led by men who combine muscular, mental, and financial attributes in vigorous development. Of the practical schemes which are being prosecuted for the benefit of the Grangers in this State, the most noteworthy is the Grangers' bank.

The bank will have a capital of \$5,000,000, divided into 50,000 shares of \$100 each. Its base of operations will be in this city, its office being in Hayward's building on California and Leidesdorff streets, in the rooms lately occupied by the Merchants' Exchange bank. It has been publicly stated that \$700,000 of the stock has already been paid in. This is not correct. The stock will be called in in ten-per-cent installments. The first installment will be called in July 1. The directors are empowered to call in the second installment in three months after the first, but it is thought that the second call will not be issued until January, 1875. The bank will be opened informally on July 15. There will be no splurge or display, but the directors expect to "go slow" for a while until all the first installment is paid in. The object of the bank is to enable farmers to borrow money upon as favorable terms as can be had in the city for commercial purposes. The subscriptions are nearly all in small amounts, the subscribers being residents of nearly every county in the State. The by-laws promise the same consideration and attention to the rights of small stockholders as to those of the largest, and "equal justice to all." There are already over one thousand subscribers, and the aggregate of the subscriptions exceeds one million dollars.

The iron rule of Friedlander, and his hitherto mighty grain king, and his powerful associates, is broken. These men have for years controlled the grain market, and one of their most effective means to that end was controlling the tonnage of the port. The leading Grangers say this obstacle no longer confronts them. They have been enabled to charter fifty vessels themselves this year, and are confident that facilities will be ample in future to take all their grain to market. The Grangers have also in this city a produce depot, at the southeast corner of Sansome and Commerce streets, in charge of Mr. Hegler, late of Bodega grange. They have also an agent to purchase farming implements, and others to buy bags, charter ships, and perform other important functions. —*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Mission of the Grange.

Says the *Industrial Age*: There is an honest directness in the way of doing business in Kansas that is truly refreshing. We clip the following from the leading editorial in Ross' last *Spirit of Kansas*. It is honest and to the point. The people have a sermon in it that would pay them well to reflect upon it:

"It has been the power of capital invested in politics that has made possible the vast combinations of carriers and money-brokers that can, with a stroke of the pen, raise to the remunerative or depress to the starving point the price of every bushel of wheat and corn in the country. It is that power which corrupt legislation has enabled to lay its hand upon almost any town or city in the country, to build up or destroy, as the interest, favor or malice of the combination might dictate. This power has been secured through the venality of our law-makers, State and national, and nothing can take that power from them but the determined and united action of the people in filling their legislative positions with men who have not been, and cannot be, corrupted by money or beguiled by blandishments of office."

"As this is a government of and by the people, upon whose intelligent use of their prerogatives depends the proper exercise of governmental functions, so we are essentially and naturally a nation of politicians. As it is through political corruption that the public conscience has been debauched, and the unpunished theft of millions upon millions of public moneys has been rendered possible, so it is through political action, and mainly that, that we must seek and hope for reform."

"It was through a comprehension of that fact that the institution of the Grange was hailed by so many, even of those who failed to connect themselves directly with it, as an element that was destined to act a not unimportant part in the work of political, financial and social regeneration. Though entirely non-partisan, and professedly non-political, its teachings are having the effect of educating the masses of the people in the science of government, and creating a higher standard of political morality, to an extent that has not before occurred for many years."

Though in one sense non-political, yet in another, and that a high sense, the Grange is the coming political force before which political knaves will yet be swept into deserved oblivion."

The Rings and Frauds of the Country.

The *New York Herald*, of the 20th inst., has the following in relation to Gen. Butler's late speech on the way the payment of duties on imports is avoided:

"It is neither a pleasant topic nor a pleasant speech. To us this business of customs and moieties, taxations and tariffs, has always been unpleasant. Somehow, ever since the war, we have been burdened with it, until the whole discussion, its literature and its history, have become as a miasma. We had frauds in whisky, which never came to any result; frauds in tobacco which were whispered to be prodigious, but no one has ever heard that they were investigated; frauds in champagne, in silk ribbons, in spices and tea. One ring seemed to succeed another, like governments in the revolutionary republics of Central and South America."

We went to sleep under one ring and in the morning we found that another reigned in its stead. The moral sense of the community became blunted. We were rapidly whirling into that position in which every merchant and every officeholder was, of necessity, regarded as a thief, and smuggling, which had been recorded in the books as a crime, was really among the high and fine arts of business. It was, of course, a severe blow to our confidence in the laws, and in the respect of citizens for the law, to find the tax on whisky two dollars a gallon and the selling price only seventy-five cents or a dollar. That, as the foolish lord says in the comedy, was one of those things 'which no fellow could find out.' When, in addition to this anomaly, we saw a class arising around us—whisky princes and shoddy aristocrats—flaunting an unwholesome, pernicious and meretricious splendor as the result of sudden wealth, the public mind came to recognize the existence of a power—silent, greedy and insatiable—greater than the law, eager for wealth as the vampire for blood; living in unchecked and irresponsible defiance of the law; masters of a system of crime superior to detection; supreme in Congress, in the Cabinet, in the Executive Chamber—nay, even in the sacred presence of holy justice, and wielding an influence which at one time, during the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, was paramount to the Senate and to the indignant and resolute public opinion of the country. We believed in this power as a reality, but at the same time regarded it as an expression, or more exactly, perhaps, an exhalation of the war, that would die away under the pure and wholesome influences of peace."

Grangers and Politics.

Here is what the *St. Louis Globe* says in reference to the platform adopted by the National Grange at its recent session:

"The Grangers would have done just as well had they omitted the disclaimer on politics from the declaration of principles which they adopted yesterday. Though written as a disclaimer, it is at the same time a very strong intimation that while the Grangers do not intend to ally themselves, as a body, with either of the existing political parties, they do intend to vote for or against political candidates, with special reference to their attitude toward the Grange movement. If the reference to politics in their platform does not mean this it does not mean anything; and if it does mean this, it means to encourage both political parties to do a large amount of demagogical bidding for the Granger votes, which will in the end greatly impair the usefulness of what might be a very useful organization, and prevent it from achieving any of the great amount of good within its power. The great mistake is in supposing that nothing can be done for any class of people in this country (except through a political channel. In other words, that the State must, after all, do everything for everybody. The fact is, the State can do very little for the Grangers, but the Grangers can do a great deal for themselves."

These old political stagers can't get it through their heads that the Grange is not a political engine. They talk about Grangers being bought and sold, etc.—judging us all the while by the rules that have so long obtained in politics. All we have to say is, that the Grangers would prove themselves the veriest pack of fools that ever organized for any purpose if they should not "vote for or against political candidates with special reference to their attitude toward the Grange movement." Does the *Globe* suppose that we would put our enemies in power? —*California Granger.*

Farmers, Stand Firm.

The only hope of the farmers and laboring men is to be united and heed not the siren songs of the politicians, alias the monopolies, and go forward in the good work begun last fall. Let them be true to each other and work together. Every sentiment of independence, of manhood and of self-preservation admonishes them that they should do so. What are the old parties to the masses of the people? What great benefits have they ever received from blindly following the beck and nod of dishonest politicians? They have proved to be sources of wrong and oppression that have mortgaged nearly every farm in the district, and laid an embargo of at least 50 per cent. upon everything produced by the farmers and laboring men. These old party leaders, alias the monopolists, are using every means in their power to drive the people back to their allegiance to the old parties, so that they may continue these wrongs and oppressions. —*Exchange.*

A SEA-DEVIL is now on exhibition at the Brighton Aquarium. It is a monster of a dusky brown color, tadpole-shaped, and about five feet in length. The mouth stretches across the monster's face, and measures nineteen inches. At the edge of each jaw are two or three rows of teeth, hard, strong, and pointed like the prongs of a rat-trap. When the mouth is open a four-and-a-half-gallon barrel might be got into it.

THE LAST FLY OF SUMMER.

'Twas the last fly of summer
Left buzzing alone;
All its lively companions
Had perished and gone;
Not an answering hum,
Not a fluttering wing,
Came to cheer or to gladden
The poor little thing.

While I watched the lone insect,
As it glanced here and there—
Lighting first on my apron,
And then on my hair—
O'er my heart came a yearning
To cherish the fly,
As a link 'twixt the winter
And the summer gone by.

I gave it full license
On the mirror to stay,
Or to traverse the windows
In its frolicsome play—
Nor deemed it discourteous
When it tickled my nose,
Disturbing the fancies
Of my noonday repose;

But would "shoo fly" the relief
To some safer place,
Accepting the nuisance
With meekly grace,
The while vainly striving
To imagine how I
Could so cheerfully dourish
Were I the last fly.

Then when at the table
Refreshments were served,
His fly-ship presiding,
Each dish was observed,
And carefully tested
With epicurean skill,
Making choicest selections
His dainties to fill.

But, grown quite unwary,
So eager was he,
Allured by its fragrance
To sip of my tea,
That, drunken with feast,
Or dizzy from fear,
He dropped in its depths—
'Twas the last of him here.

Humor.

WHEN is a literary work like smoke? When it rises in volumes.

WHAT part of a ship is good for youngsters? The spanker.

WHAT roof covers the most noisy tenant? The roof of the mouth.

WHY is a parish bell like a good story? Because it is often tolled.

"Oh she is lovely, she is rosy,"
The printer put it—

"Oh she's slovenly, she's nosy."

As an excuse for rejecting a widower, a fair young damsel informed a friend that "she did not want a 'warmed-over' man."

A sick man covered with mustard plasters, said, "If I were to eat a loaf of bread, I should be a walking sandwich."

"He has left a void that cannot be filled," as the bank director touchingly remarked of the absconding cashier.

WHAT is the difference between a church-organist and the influenza? One stops the nose and the other knows the stops.

Lor's wife wouldn't have looked back, but a woman with a new dress passed her, and she wanted to see if the back-breath was ruffled.

An old lady with a large family, living near a river, was asked if she did not live in constant fear that some of her children would be drowned. "Oh no," she replied, "we have only lost three or four in that way."

A LITTLE boy in St. Cloud, a few days ago, undertook to see if he could lift himself by hanging on a mule's tail. He found out all about it, and the doctor thinks the skin on his forehead will grow up, but leave a bad scar.

A TEACHER in Nevada, after telling her pupils that a large waterfall was a "cataract," "Now," said she, "what is a little waterfall?" "Kittyract," blurted out the tow-headed youngster who sat chewing the corner of his primer on the front seat.

THE Milwaukee *Sentinel*, which prides itself on the accuracy of its local items, says: "A stranger from Louisville got his ear between the sun and the Insurance building yesterday. The signal officer ran up the storm-flag and sent a dispatch bounding over the wires to Washington that a storm-cloud had overspread the sky."

An Eastern paper says: "It is rumored, on good authority, that the alleged murderer who was taken out by a Kentucky mob last week, riddled with bullets, hacked with bowie-knives, beaten over the head with crow-bars and then saturated with coal-oil and cremated on the spot, had died of his injuries. How delicate some men are."

YOUNG gentlemen, when they take their "doxies" buggy-riding, should pay every attention possible to their safety and welfare. We noticed a young man last Sunday that seemed to understand the art of protecting his lady-love to perfection. As they passed down Fifth street, she was doing the driving, while he had both arms around her, and we could tell by the wild look in his eye that he was determined she shouldn't fall out. —*St. Paul Press.*

Home.

Best of all things to us is home. In hours of ambition and pleasure we may sometimes forget its exquisite sweetness, but let sickness or sadness come, and we return to it at once. Let the hollow hearts that feign a friendship before us—let us know, as we all must, at moments, that, however important we may be in our own estimation, our places would be filled at an hour's notice, should we die to-morrow, then we whisper to ourselves the magic word *Home*, and are comforted.

"Home, sweet home!" It does not matter how "humble" it is; nor is it less a home for people in a palace. It is where those we love dwell—wherever that may be—where we are valued for ourselves, and are held in esteem because of what we are in ourselves, and not because of power, or wealth, or what we can do for other people.

Who would be without a home? who would take the world's applause and honor in place of the tenderness of a few true hearts, and the cozy fireside meetings where the truth may be spoken without disguise, and envious carping are unknown? In life's battle even the hero finds many enemies, and much abuse and slander and detraction; but into home, if it is what it ought to be, these things never find their way. There, to his wife, the plainest man becomes a wonderful thing—a sage, a man who ought to be President of the United States, and would be were his worth known."